ON MAN. A SATYR.

By a Perſon of Honour.

TO what Intent and Purpoſe was Man made,
Who is by Birth to Miſery betray'd!
That in this ſlender Courſe of Life runs thrô
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
Doctors, Divines, great Diſpenſations, Punns,
Ill-lookt Citizens, and ſcurvy Dunns;
Conceited Laureats, dull, long Opera's,
And thoſe that ne'er were Poets, yet write Plays;
Inſipid Squires, fat Biſhops, Deans and Chapters,
Enthuſiaſts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures;
Pox, Gouts, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums, and Aches,
Half-witted Lords, double-chinn'd Bawds with Patches;
Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery-ſuits for Life,
A tracing Whore, and a moſt tedious Wife;
Raw Innes-of-Court-men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
Bullies Robuſt, raw Aldermen, and Clowns.
Gown-men that argue about, diſcuſs, and prate,
And vent dull Notions of a future State;
Sure of another World, and do not know
Whether they ſhall be ſav'd, or damn'd, or how.
'Twere better therefore that Men had ne'er been,
Than thus Unfortunate. *God ſave the Queen.*

FINIS.